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reaching for each other's genitals, but the Kaingáng, although they stand around holding their own penises, do not hold other men's.

In the whole mass of Kaingáng folklore there is one hundred-word story of a homosexual relationship between two men and another that tells of a male supernatural that was killed by a man because it sodomized him by trickery. I never heard a remark that alluded in any way to homosexuality. The men like to congregate together, and when the women are in camp they leave them and sit around in groups, weaving baskets or just talking. Sometimes a woman may join them because her husband is there, but even when the men are away the women rarely come together as the men do. They just visit. Like the indiscriminate playing of the children, these caressings, sleeping parties, and gossipings do not follow relationship lines. Whatever may be the specific obligations of cousins or brothers-in-law, they are completely lost sight of in these ephemeral, wholly casual masculine contacts. The basis for man's loyalty to man has roots in the many warm bodily contacts between them. The violent, annihilating conflicts among men in Kaingáng society were all among those who had never shared the languid exchange of caresses on a hot afternoon under the green arched shelter of a house nor lain together night after night under a blanket against the cold. The very transient, unfixated nature of these contacts leaves no grounds for jealousy. The relationships built on these hours of lying together with anyone at all bear fruit in the softening of conflicts that are so characteristic of the Kaingáng. Indeed, there is a patterned friendship between men that has woven this contact into its very warp and woof, and that is the friendship of hunting companions. Men who have hunted together day after day, raided the Brazilians together, slept together beside the same fire, under the same blanket, wrapped in each other's arms, hold this relationship above their kinship with their brothers. The consequences for the general integration of Kaingáng society are immeasurable.

The elaborate laws of sexual avoidance that chart the behavior of men and women in many primitive societies, dividing the entire community into the touchables and the untouchables, are undreamt of among the Kaingáng. Little boys and girls play together in rough and tumble. Brothers and sisters, brothers- and sisters-in-law and cousins, sleep next to one another, cross legs, or embrace one another. The corollaries to this are the marriages and love affairs among almost all classes of relatives. Only marriages between parents and children and between full brothers and sisters are avoided. Marriages between half brothers and sisters are rare.

A complete lack of emphasis on temperamental differences between the sexes permits to boys and girls, men and women, the same jocular and often violent sexual aggressiveness. The term for intercourse may have

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since he had clubbed the deer he should have the skin. But when I went to hand it to him, Ndili said, "I want the skin," to which Dung replied, "He wants it; so give it to him." The willingness to yield to aggressiveness, coupled with the indifference to trouble unless it faces one squarely, operates to reduce enormously the number and severity of conflicts within the extended family.

The obsessive interest of the Kaingáng in destruction and murder was all externalized against the "other people," and it was this ability to externalize their obsession that was in part responsible for whatever coherence and security the families preserved. The overpowering urge toward destruction that manifests itself still in the wanton gashing of trees and the killing of the tiniest bird that happens to perch on a limb where stick or stone may reach it is never directed inward against the family but always outward. The function of the feuds, therefore, was twofold, for they served both to gratify the need to destroy and to direct it away from the extended family; and this duality contributed to their perpetuation.

The overwhelming bulk of Kaingáng folklore is murder stories—murder committed in every imaginable way and on all relatives except sons. Stories begin with murders committed for no reason and rehearse over and over again the whole wearisome theme of treachery and retaliation. The interest in the feuds has suffocated any other mythological theme, and instead of the elaborate variations on widespread mythological elements that are so common among many primitive peoples we find that when these elements actually do appear in Kaingáng folklore they are bare, fossilized, neglected plots which the literary imagination has never developed. The one elaborate art form that the Kaingáng have, their folklore, is overwhelmingly concerned with their own destruction.

Perhaps the best proof of the obsessive nature of this trait lies in a split within an extended family which occurred after the Kaingáng were localized on the reservation and which culminated in the murder of Thechá. For years the Kaingáng had committed no murder. Their vendetta enemies had been killed or driven far away, and now the group that had lived in harmony for generations was isolated from the dangers of attack and settled peacefully on the reservation. But Thechá took to saying that he wasn't afraid of anyone, and he was angry at everyone; so "since he was angry with them they became angry with him." They decided to kill him, and one of the plotters was his own first cousin, his father's sister's son, Kovĺ. Now Thechá was a most unusual Kaingáng, for he could not swim. That simplified matters, and one day when he was crossing the river with a number of people—"nine people and five women," as one informant put it—"the canoe tipped over." Nobody tipped it, for such baldness of statement would offend Kaingáng good taste, but "the canoe tipped over" and